XXX NASTY

SEXY MILFS IN THE HARDEST SCENES

MILFs

NAUGHTY HOUSEWIVES
PRESENTS

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Tory

SIZZLING
SEXCAPADE
CAUGHT ON
SPY CAM

EX-WIFE CARRIE

HER SEX DRIVE
XXXPLODED AS
SHE GOT OLDER

DARCY

BUSTY MILF
KNOWS HOW
TO PLEASE

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HORNY NICKI

HOT MOMMA
LOVES TO BE
WATCHED

MILFs

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Carrie Ann

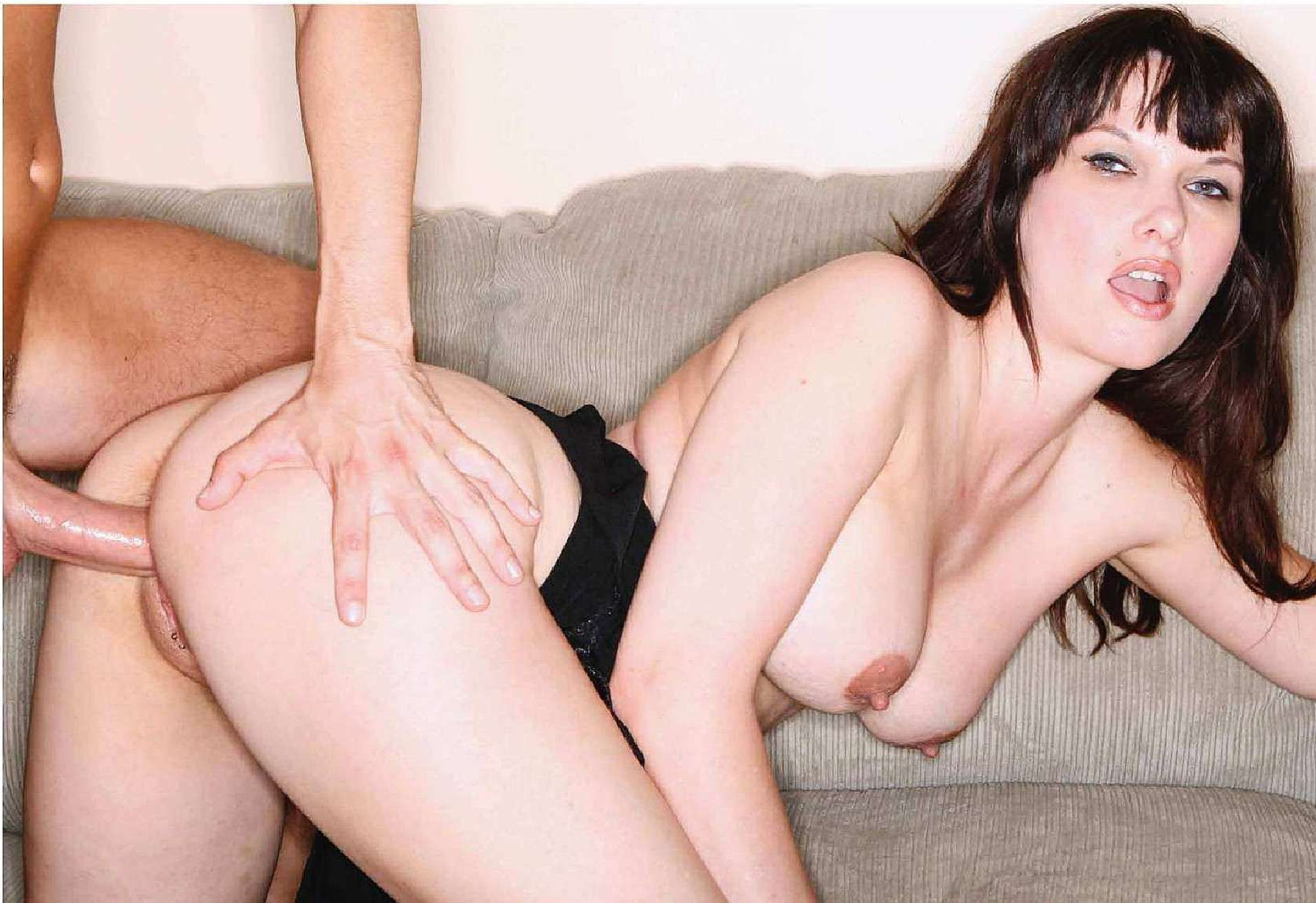
Memories Of My Ex

Carrie Ann and I started dating when I was 26 and she was 22. She was quite the tease back in the day, and honestly, I was surprised that she even gave me the time of day. From the first time I saw her, I was smitten; she was one of the hottest girls I'd ever seen. While I'm not bad looking, I'm no Brad Pitt, so when this sexy young thing started coming on to *me*, I wasn't about to ask questions. From the beginning the sex was great, but after a while, I could tell that she was getting bored. She started hinting that she'd like to try new things, experimenting with different people. I have to admit it, at that point, I couldn't handle her. To this day, I regret losing her.

Though she's now in her mid-30s, Carrie's never been sexier and more confident. If I thought she was hot in her 20s, now she's just plain incendiary. You can tell she's tried just about everything there is to try and enjoyed every bit of it.

Carrie never believed in discretion. if she was in the mood, she wouldn't stop until she got what she wanted. I can't count the number of times we were kicked out of clubs, just because she couldn't keep her hands, or her mouth, to herself.

Though, towards the end, my cock wasn't the only one she was after. On more than one occasion, I caught her coming home, looking pretty guilty. All I could do was turn a blind eye... and then bang her silly.



While Carrie was far from perfect, what's what made her so hot... and the girl I'll never forget. Think you can satisfy her? Try your luck.

800-482-9447

Darcy

Midnight Booty Call

Darcy doesn't mind the fact that her husband travels so much for business. In fact, she wouldn't have it any other way. As soon as he's out the door - night or day - she's on the phone, giving the all-clear to one of her several lovers. She's fairly certain that her husband screws around while he's on the road, so why shouldn't she?

So far, he hasn't caught onto his slutty wife and she's not about to tell him. Besides, there's no use in denying her true nature. She's always been a slut, so there's no reason why her marriage should change that one little bit.

MUSÉE CHRISTINA
L'OPÉRA
PARI

She completely gets off on bringing different men into her bed. She knows it's wrong, but that's just what makes it feel so very, very good.

L'OPÉR
PAR

Darcy's always liked her sex on the wild side, but her husband isn't too keen on being rough and tumble. With these guys, she can be as depraved as she wants - though she's gotta be careful that she isn't left with too many incriminating marks.

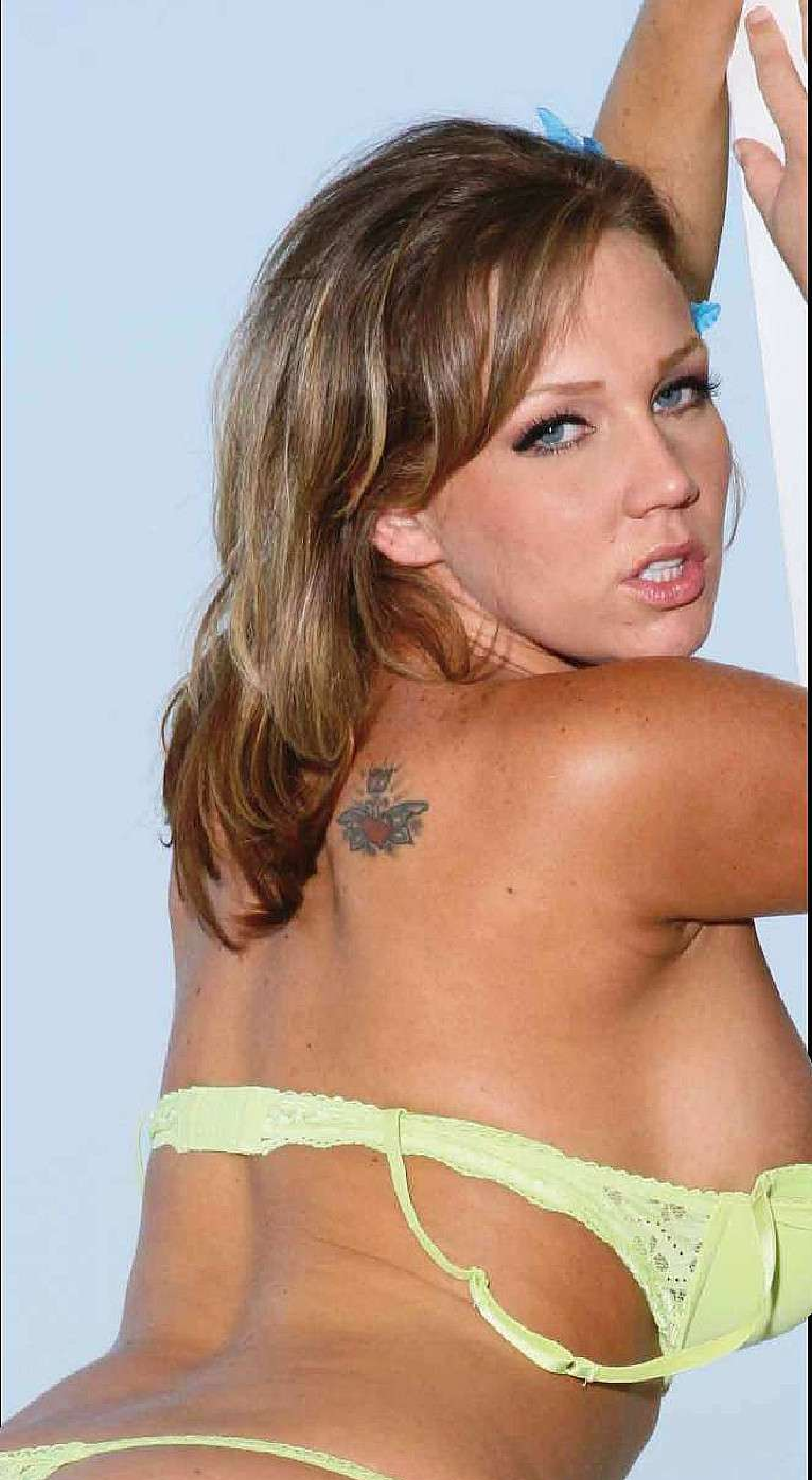
There's nothing like a dirty wife to get a guy's juices running. For this, we'd be on call 24/7.

800-230-8887

Nicki

Separate Vacations

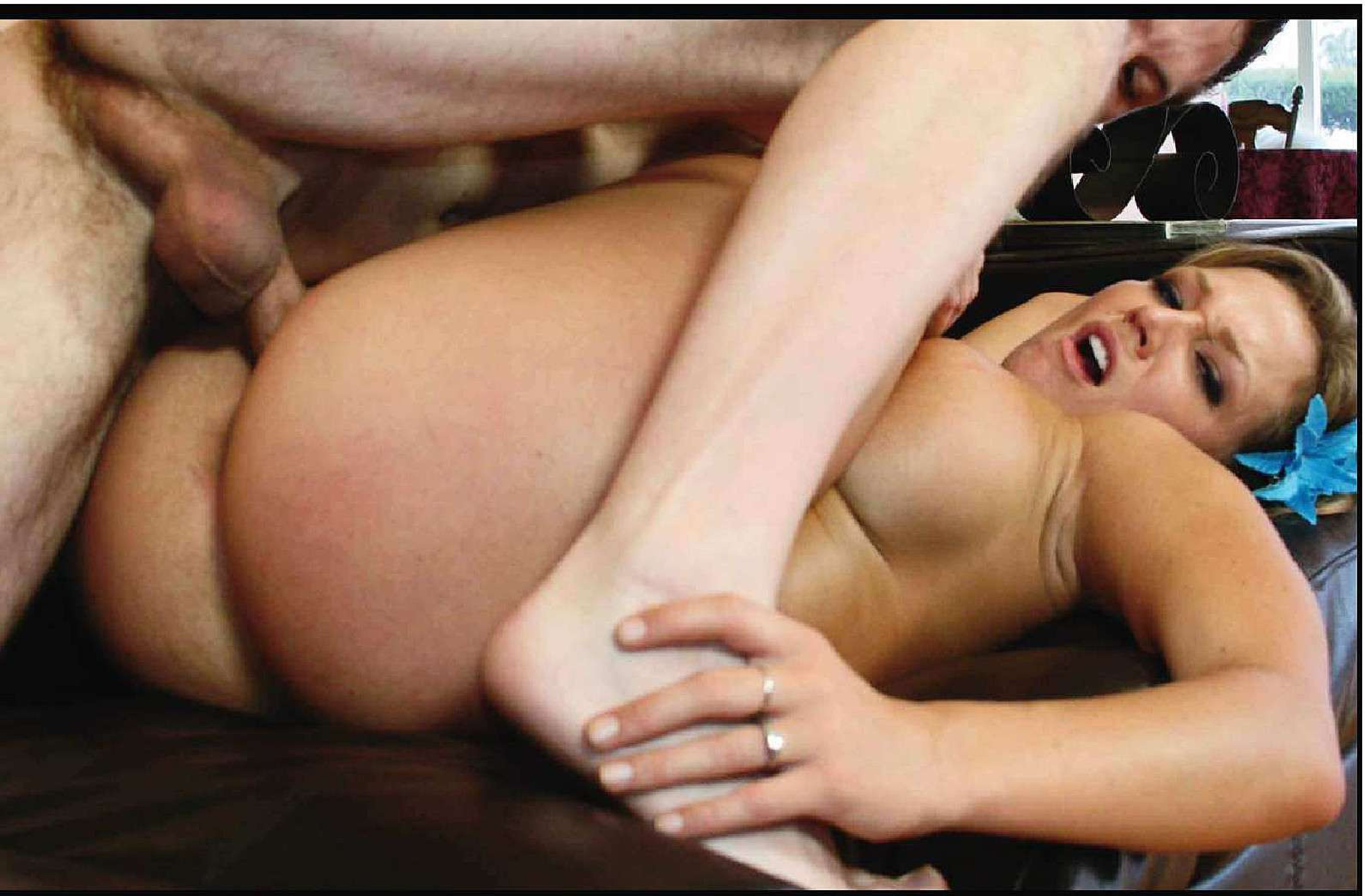
Early on, Nicki and her husband, Todd, realized that the key to a happy marriage is plenty of alone time. They had no allusions about the concept of monogamy, given the fact that they were both highly sexual individuals with a taste for variety. However, they also understood that it would be difficult to incorporate their extracurricular indulgences. The solution seemed obvious: separate vacations, with a strict “don’t ask, don’t tell” policy. So far, it’s worked brilliantly and they’re relationship has never been stronger.



Of course, Nicki always looks forward to these 2-weeks a year in which she can do anything with anyone without a single twinge of guilt. There's just something so naughty and seductive about this unorthodox infidelity.

On these vacations, Nicki only has one rule: she never fucks the same guy twice, no matter how toe-curling the sex. Why waste time on what she's already had when there are so many talented guys out there, just waiting to give her a thrill.

She finds that this free atmosphere is very conducive to experimentation. No rules, no boundaries. Though she prefers men, she's been known to bed a few women as well. In fact, these are some of her hottest memories and she's even been tempted to treat Todd to a bit of girl on girl action.



Now, if only all marriages could be this simple.
Want to talk to this world class lay?

800-308-5347

Tory Lane

A Tail Of Two Plumbers

Tory has never been known for her subtlety, which is probably why she always gets what she wants. She's rarely met a man she doesn't like, and the ones she doesn't, well, she'll do them too. She especially likes sexing up guys whom most girls of her calibre would overlook. She likes to make men grovel, and there is nothing quite as heady as playing sex goddess to the less than studly masses of eager men.

Most recently, she's developed a keen interest in working class men; she finds the sweaty bodies and the blue collar mentality very alluring. When these two lucky guys showed up to fix her plumbing, she was eager for them to tinker with more than just her pipes.

In fact, turnabout‘s fair. She decided to give them an extra-special thank you for plugging her leak so well.

Speaking of leaks, in the process, Tory seems to have developed one of her own. As she noted, this is a job for the professionals.

These guys didn’t think their day could get any better, but when she shimmied down on their tools with her naughty little anus, they knew they couldn’t be luckier.

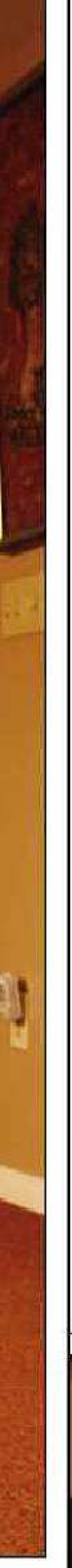
She well knows that these two will be fantasizing about her hot holes for months.

Who knew such menial occupations could have such compelling fringe benefits?
Are you man enough for the job?
888-220-4277

Reese & Riley

A Little R&R

Reese had been divorced for a couple of years, but her ex-husband had been a real asshole, so she had been hesitant to start dating again. She kept herself busy with her kids, trying to ignore the growing itch between her legs. When Riley moved to her neighborhood, Reese was eager to be friends, the lively, young blonde having an infectious personality and unquenchable spirit. Riley, however, had other things in mind. She instantly liked the sexy MILF and couldn't bear to see her so unhappy. Being the nice girl that she is, she decided to introduce her friend to a whole new way of life.



At first, Reese was skeptical. She'd always thought of herself as straight and had never even considered fooling around with another woman. Riley could be quite convincing though, and absolutely refused to take no for an answer.

One thing with which Reese had become acquainted over the years was her vibrator, so Riley knew this was a good way to ease her into sex play. Besides, what could be more innocent than a couple of girlfriends, playing around with their special toys?

As Riley well knew, the best way to wear down a woman's resolve is to get her good and horny. As soon as she saw that Reese was well on her way to cumming, she made her move.

By this point, Reese didn't care that the little minx was tongue-deep in her cunt. Her only concern was that she might stop before she'd cum. She needn't have worried; Riley couldn't seem to get enough of her newly-turned snatch.

No one can withstand Riley's tempting tongue for long, Reese experiencing her first lesbian orgasm. It definitely won't be her last.

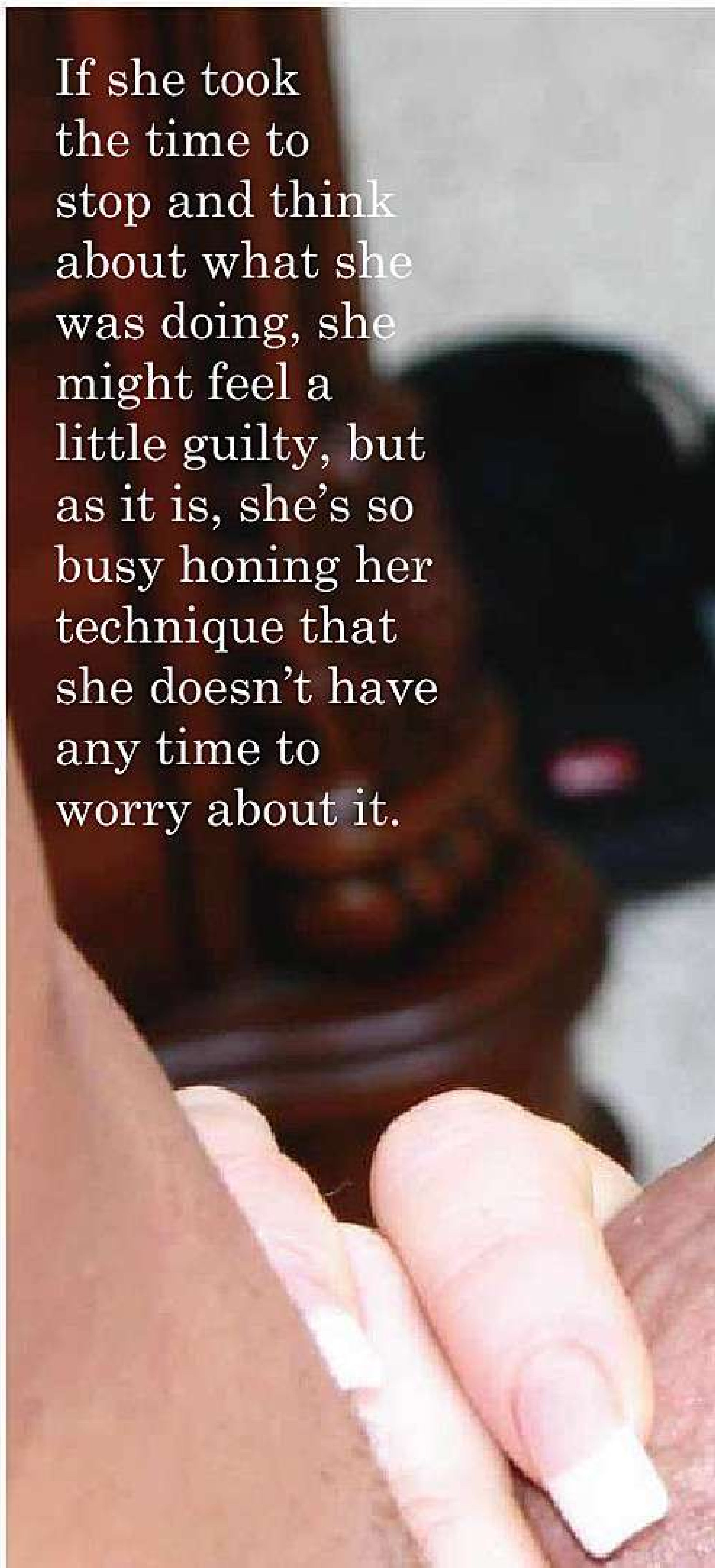
Do two MILFs turn you on?
888-331-2548

Vanessa

Another Cheating Housewife

Vanessa is married to a rather controlling man, who insists on taking care of her. In his mind, if a man can't support his wife and family, then he's not a man at all. While many women dream of a kept life, Vanessa is not one of them. Sure, it was nice at the beginning, but she quickly got bored. In fact, she started resenting her husband, blaming him for her lack of freedom. The only good thing about her situation is that she has plenty of time to cheat. Though she prefers to think of it as taking control.

With few material worries, Vanessa can spend her time as she pleases. Though, over the years, she's had multiple lovers, she's never allowed herself to get attached. She simply views them as her life-size sex toys.



If she took the time to stop and think about what she was doing, she might feel a little guilty, but as it is, she's so busy honing her technique that she doesn't have any time to worry about it.

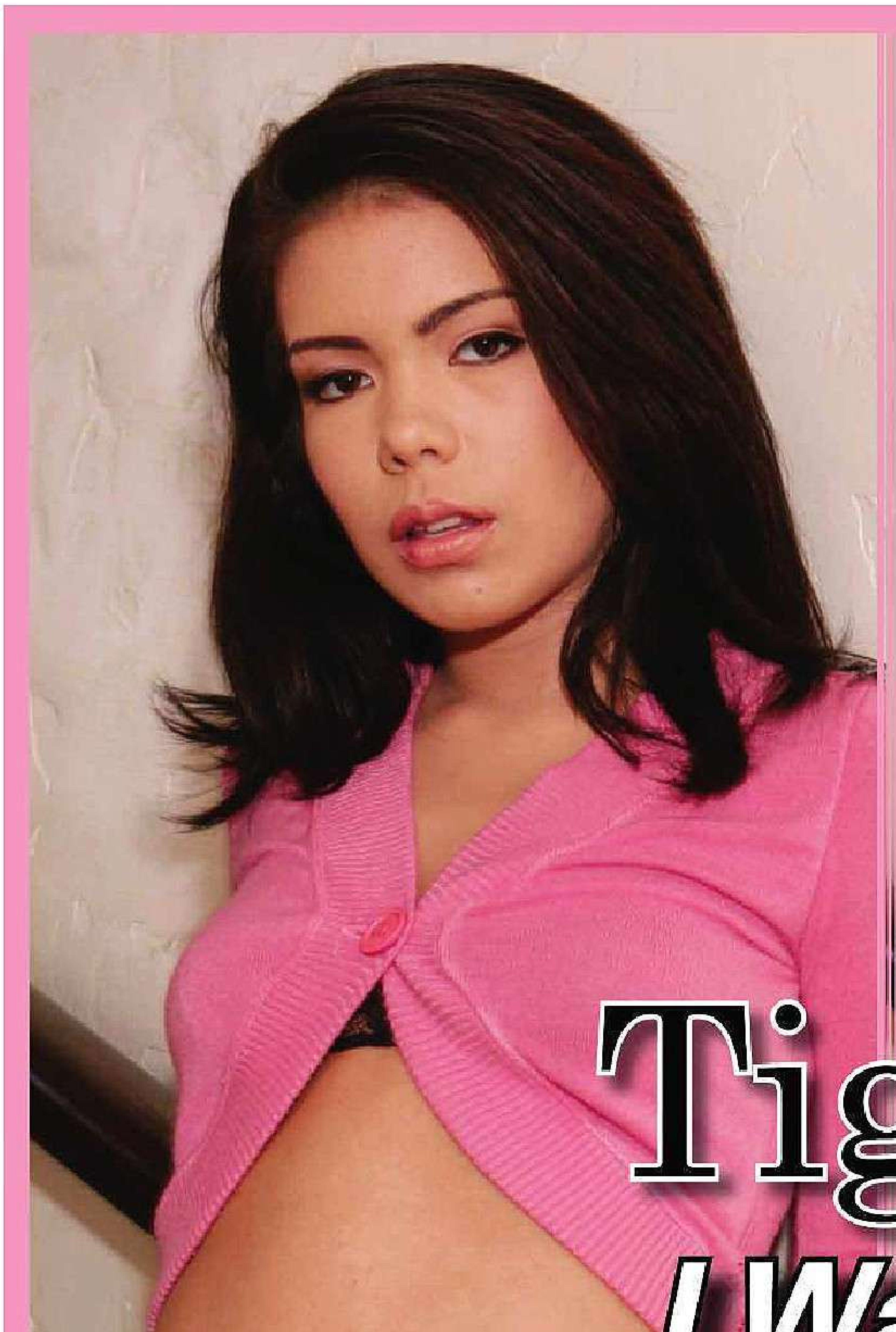
Of course, there are also completely justifiable reasons for her infidelity. For instance, her husband refuses to go down on her, which, in her opinion, is a basic requirement for good sex. No wonder she needs someone else to fill in the blanks.

Since her husband seems partial to the tried and true, though admittedly boring, missionary position, when Vanessa calls the shots, this is the one thing she refuses to do. She wants to be the one driving the guy wild.

Vanessa doesn't mind a bit of a mess. In fact, cleaning up is half of the fun.

Imagine shooting your load on this horny houswife's tits.

888-356-7588



Tiger

I Was A Teenage MILF

Tiger doesn't look like your typical MILF. She was raised conservatively, so when she found out she was pregnant, there was no question about keeping the baby. Now, 19, with an infant daughter occupying most of her time, sex is the last thing on Tiger's mind. This doesn't go over too well with her boyfriend, and we don't blame him, considering how fine this young mom is. And even though kids are exciting, sometimes, a girl just needs a break to reacquaint herself with her sexy side. At least her man is hoping a weekend away will help her do just that.

Tiger loved the idea. She hadn't felt sexy for a while, so she couldn't wait to prove that she still has what it takes.

His ex loved being on display. She told him that filming their sexual encounters made her feel like a real p[illegible] star and [illegible] the stress of her day job in which she had to play the role of the serious lawyer. Little did he know that all her co-workers h[illegible]ses [illegible] this, in the flesh[illegible]

Though she hadn't forgotten how much she loved sex, she'd nearly forgotten how much she loved the feel of a slick shaft in her cun.

In fact, she kept asking for it harder and harder. It was as though she couldn't get enough of that pounding sensation.

At this rate, Tiger will be offering
years worth of hot MILF action.
Wanna join in on the fun?
888-393-6725

Fan Fare

If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

"MAY I OPEN YOUR BOX?"

To the Editor:

I wanted to share a hot adventure I recently had with my postman. I know you usually don't get a lot of letters from women but I hope you like it. I have to admit I'm getting wet just thinking of all your readers beating off to my tale.

"Hi."

"Uh, hi," he mumbled and then added, "Do you always answer your door wearing a bustier and thigh-highs?"

"No, no, I'm sorry." I said, blushing.
"Don't be. You look good."

I slid my hands from my hips down over my thighs. I pulled at my thigh-highs and released them in unison with a snap.

The mailman's mouth was agape, his eyes bulging in disbelief.

"Come in," I whispered, looking both ways down my street.

I hurried in and ushered him into the house. The door slammed shut and we were both startled. Our fear was heightened by nervousness: by the idea that we were no longer strangers. This was not a casual hello. After months of flirting, this was the first time I had ever seen him without a letter in his hand. He wasn't wearing blue shorts that day, which was a great disappointment to me. The striped shirt and logo was gone as well. We had a limited amount of time before my husband was scheduled to return from work and I was horny and ready.

I wanted to fuck the mailman.

We sat next to each other on my small love seat. I made it clear, with my hand on his thigh, exactly what my plans were. I offered him a kiss, long and lingering on his lips and then down to his neck. I imagined that he tasted like envelope glue. I licked his lips like I was moistening a stamp, lightly lapping, using only the sliver of tongue that barely peeked from my thick lips. He responded with an attempt to unwrap my lacy undergarments, like an anxious postal patron whose package is three days late.

"Slow down," I begged.

I pushed him away. He leaned back, obviously embarrassed by his haste and excitement. He got up and walked straight out of my front door.

"I'm sorry," I stammered to no one, given that he had already closed the door behind him.

Outside, he shook his head and I watched as he walked to his car. He grabbed a black plastic bag and turned around, smiling like the devil. He opened the door he had just exited and entered, locking the door behind him.

"I know what you want. You want what every woman wants."

He slinked down the hall and entered the bathroom, coming out moments later wearing exactly what I wanted. What I needed. He held in his hands a small package and handed it over to me.

He wanted to role-play.

"This delivery is addressed to your husband, can you sign for it?" he asked.

My pussy moistened at the mailman's mention of my husband.

I reached for his cock.

"Not yet!" He ordered.

His orders startled me and I stood silent for a moment. I tilted my head to the side, awaiting his next direction.

"Slide this box across your legs."

I followed his instruction, beginning above my ankles. The box eventually found its way across my skin above the knees and over my thighs.

"Slide the box over your belly," he panted. I did as he ordered and more, eventually sliding it over my heaving breasts. His little game was awkward at first but watching his excitement affected me as well and soon the box and I were entwined in a full-on seduction dance. I slid the box over every inch of my skin, under the lacy flares at the bottom of my outfit, against my belly, and then into the tops of my thigh highs. I left it there, folding the box into my stocking.

The mailman lunged and kissed me eagerly, excited and ready as he pressed against my body.

He whispered directly into my ear, "May I open your box?"

I closed my eyes as his words and breath tickled my neck.

"Yes."

He slid a finger through my panties and inside of my cunt. I was on the verge of orgasm as he tickled my clit. I watched as the bulge in his shorts grew. I wanted him inside me. We had very little time left; my husband was scheduled to return soon from the office.

"Fuck me," I demanded.

I watched as he unzipped his shorts and stripped his shirt from chest. His body was toned and perfect and I wanted to taste every part of it, especially the head of his big cock.

I knelt down and took him into my mouth as he fondled my breasts. I slid my mouth up and back as he desperately moaned. I watched as his balls shriveled and knew that I had to stop before he blew a load in my face.

I needed to be filled.

I got down on all fours and he pulled off my thong.

"I want you to fuck me hard!" I exclaimed. He obliged, slamming his dick into my wet cavern, so deep that I could feel it in my belly. His second thrust pushed me to orgasm and I tickled at my clit to heighten the experience. He reached under me to rub my breasts as he stroked. His dick was so filling: long and thick and curved just right.

"Your pussy is so good. I'm going to cum!" He pulled out and stroked himself to orgasm. His emission landed on my back and ass and he rubbed his load into my skin, groping and grabbing at my body.

He left at 4:50, giving me just enough time to shower before my husband got in at 5:20.

I look forward to getting the mail delivered again soon.

– Susan

Dear Sirs,

The divorce became final today. I'm forty-five years old, out of shape, overweight and horny as hell. Now I am also alone. Nobody around to solve even that problem for me. I could usually count on my no-account man to fuck me when I was horny. He didn't care about anything but the fact you were female.

The last of the customers finally left the store at six o'clock. I happily locked up and got ready to go home. I got into my piece of junk car, and went about four blocks when I heard a loud bang and the car made a loud thumping noise. I pulled into a mall I had never noticed before and got out to look.

I had a flat. I opened the trunk as if that would help. I had no clue how to change a tire. I picked up my telephone to call a service station and I was in a no call zone. Go Figure!

I looked around and there was only one store open, I walked toward the place and it wasn't until I entered that I realized it was an adult bookstore. There was a nice looking muscular man behind the counter reading, who looked up and asked, "Is there something I could help you with lovely lady?"

I explained my situation and he smiled. "A good looking lady like you should be able to get some man to change her tire. I will make you a deal. You watch the place, while I change the tire, and then you give me a blowjob as a thank you." He picked the keys out of my hand and he was out the door before I could frame an answer.

I think he was kidding to see if he could shock me. He was going to be surprised because it sounded like a plan to me.

It took him about twenty minutes and I used the time to inspect the toys and other things that constituted the store's stock. I laid aside two vibrators, and a large jelly dildo to take home with me along with some lubrication that said it tasted like strawberries.

He laughed when he came back inside and saw the stuff waiting to be purchased. He pulled down his jeans, no shorts and pulled me to him. "Let me fuck your ass lady when my blowjob is done and you can take the stuff for free.

I asked, "Do I get some pleasure out of all this. He fisted his cock slowly and I watched it grow from its flaccid seven inches to almost ten as it engorged to the size of a small fist.

"Never mind," I said with a smile, "let's try some of that lube." He went and put out the closed sign, locked the door and put out the lights. Finished, he led me to the back. There we found a nice cot. This place was well prepared.

I knelt down and softly grasped his cock. "Ever do this before with a stranger?"

I shook my head nope. "It's sort of a divorce celebration for me. It's official today I am a free woman."

He pulled back and looked deep into my eyes. "No shit, that husband of yours must be a jackass. You are one big fine looking broad." That man got the premium first class no holds barred blowjob of his life.

When he was almost ready to come he pulled out of my mouth and pushed me over the sofa. Tits hanging down and ass high in the air, I felt his fingers coated with lube push inside my ass one at a time, twisting and turning until I loosened up and he could comfortably push four into his second knuckle. He withdrew and replaced it with his cock.

He slide in slick as could be making me feel stuffed but giving me no pain. Now he pushed one of my new toys into my pussy and turned it on high and his hand found my throbbing clit.

"O.K. lady lets give those toys a workout." We did too. He was like a jackhammer taking me higher and higher as his cock rammed my ass. The vibrator in my pussy that he was shoving back and forth gave me such intense feelings of pleasure it was hard not to zone out entirely into my own little world. When his thumb started working on my clit as he allowed the vibrator to rest buried deep inside me I lost it. I had an orgasm that made up for the years of almost sex I had endured.

He stiffened as I came and groaned, "I am coming to," he pulled out and sprayed his come all over my ass, the warm spattering on my cool ass pushed me over the wall again. He pulled out the vibrator and kneeling down, licked and sucked me dry. I went higher and into a climax so hard, it hurt. I finally managed to pull away.

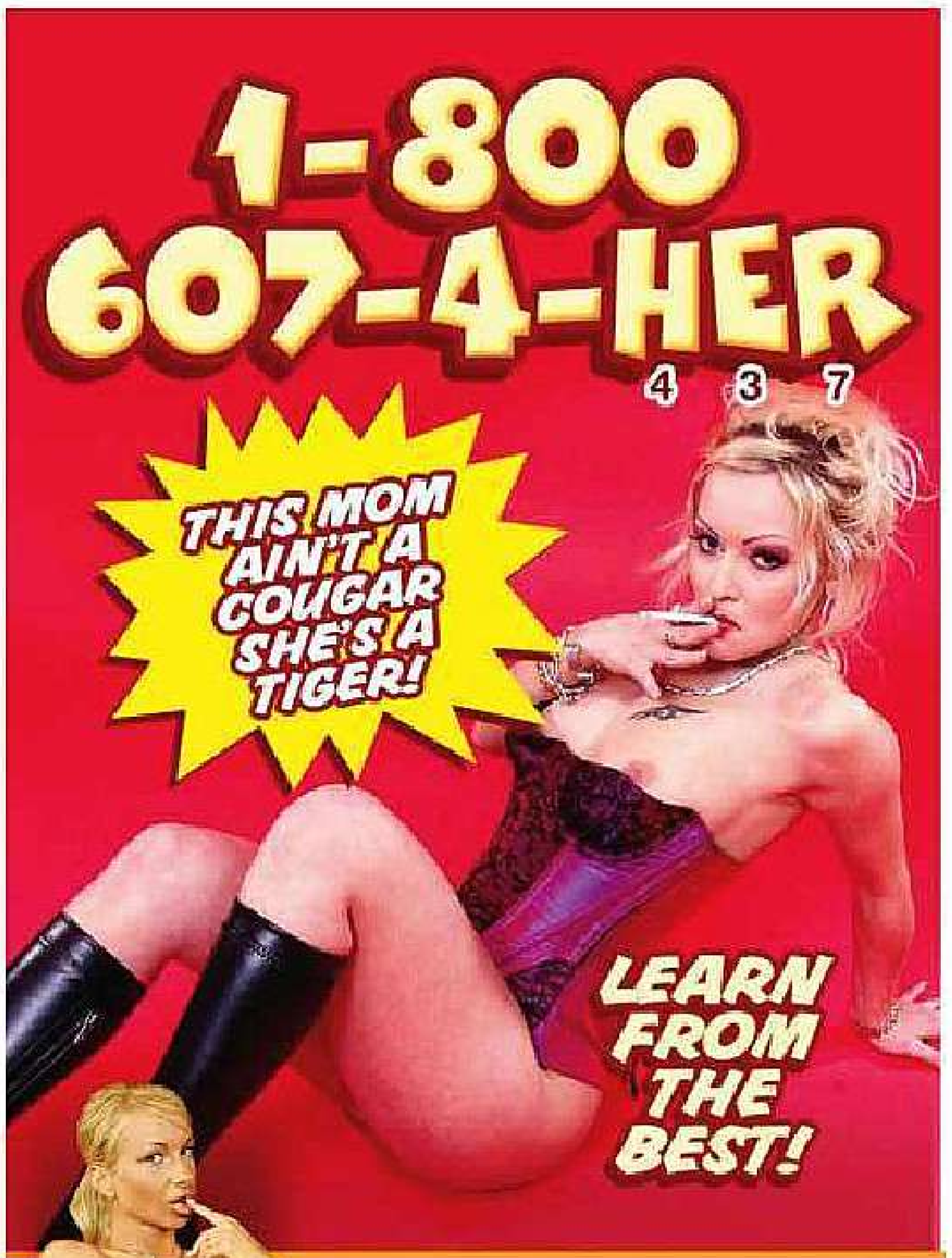
I turned around, his juices dripping down my legs, and pulled him up to kiss me. "Thank you for the best sex I have had in almost twenty years."

He smiled and as he licked the vibrator clean for me said, "You know these things need batteries so who knows what might happen if you drop by late at night. I just might give you a personal demonstration of any new toys I have and we can do this again.

I blushed, nodded, and leaned down to clean him up and tuck him away. "Too bad that's not for sale." He grinned. "Lady with a body like that you can't own it but you can borrow it any time you want."

We walked to the front of the store. He bagged my goodies and kissed me good-bye. "Until the next time we meet sweet lady." Smiling directly into my eyes, he whispered "and there will be a next time." I floated home and slept well for the first time in weeks.

– Maggie, SF



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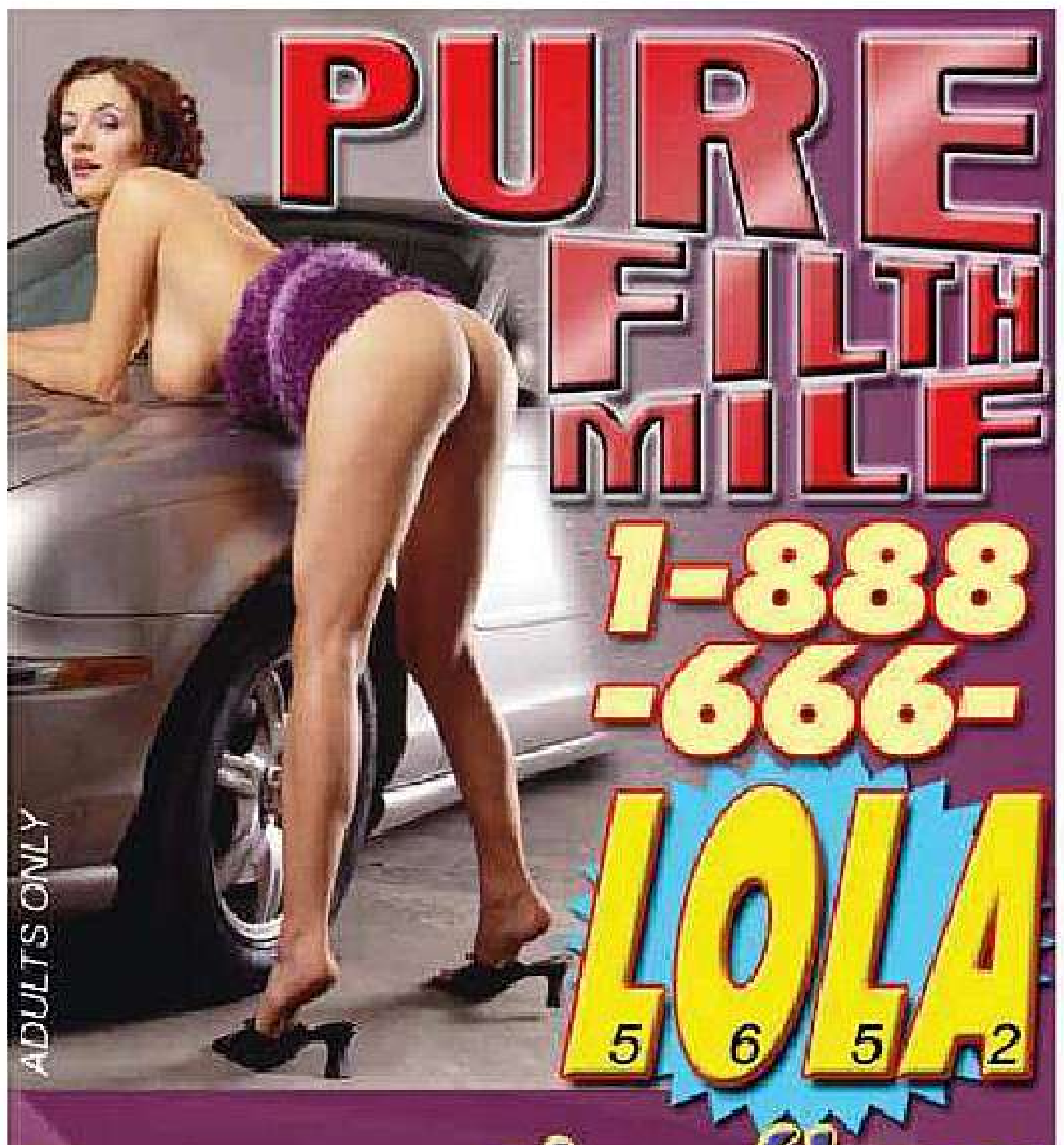

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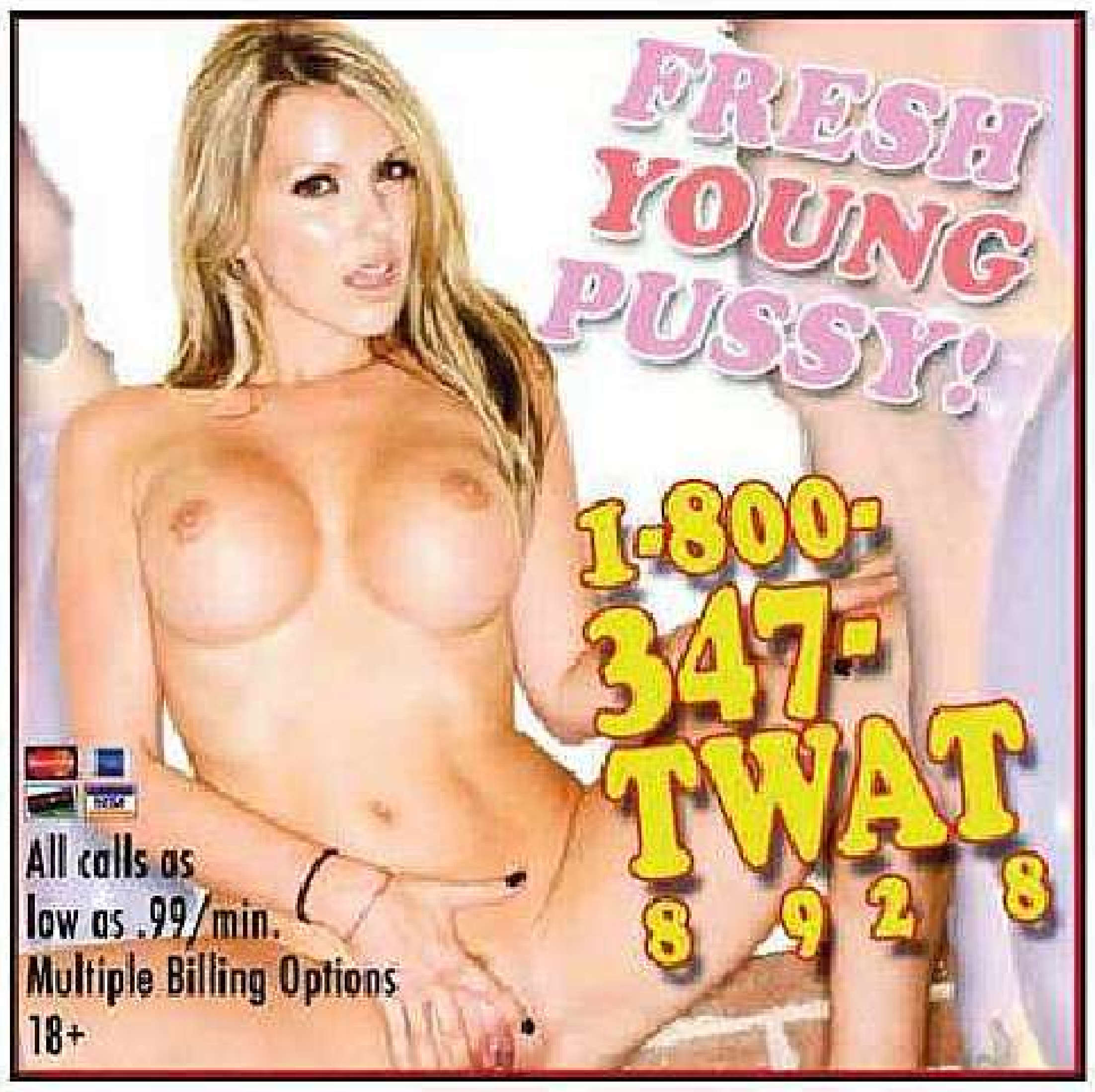
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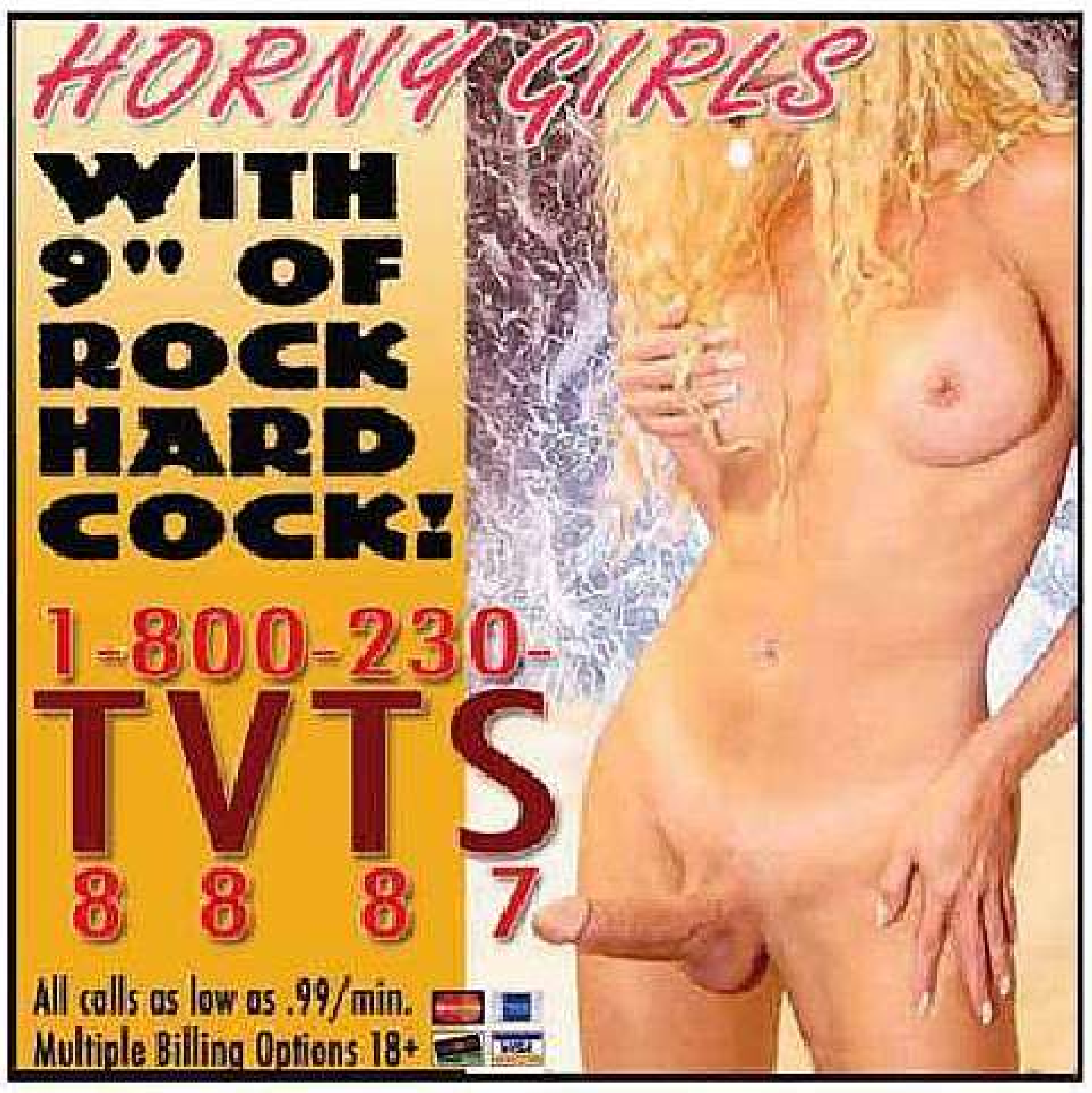
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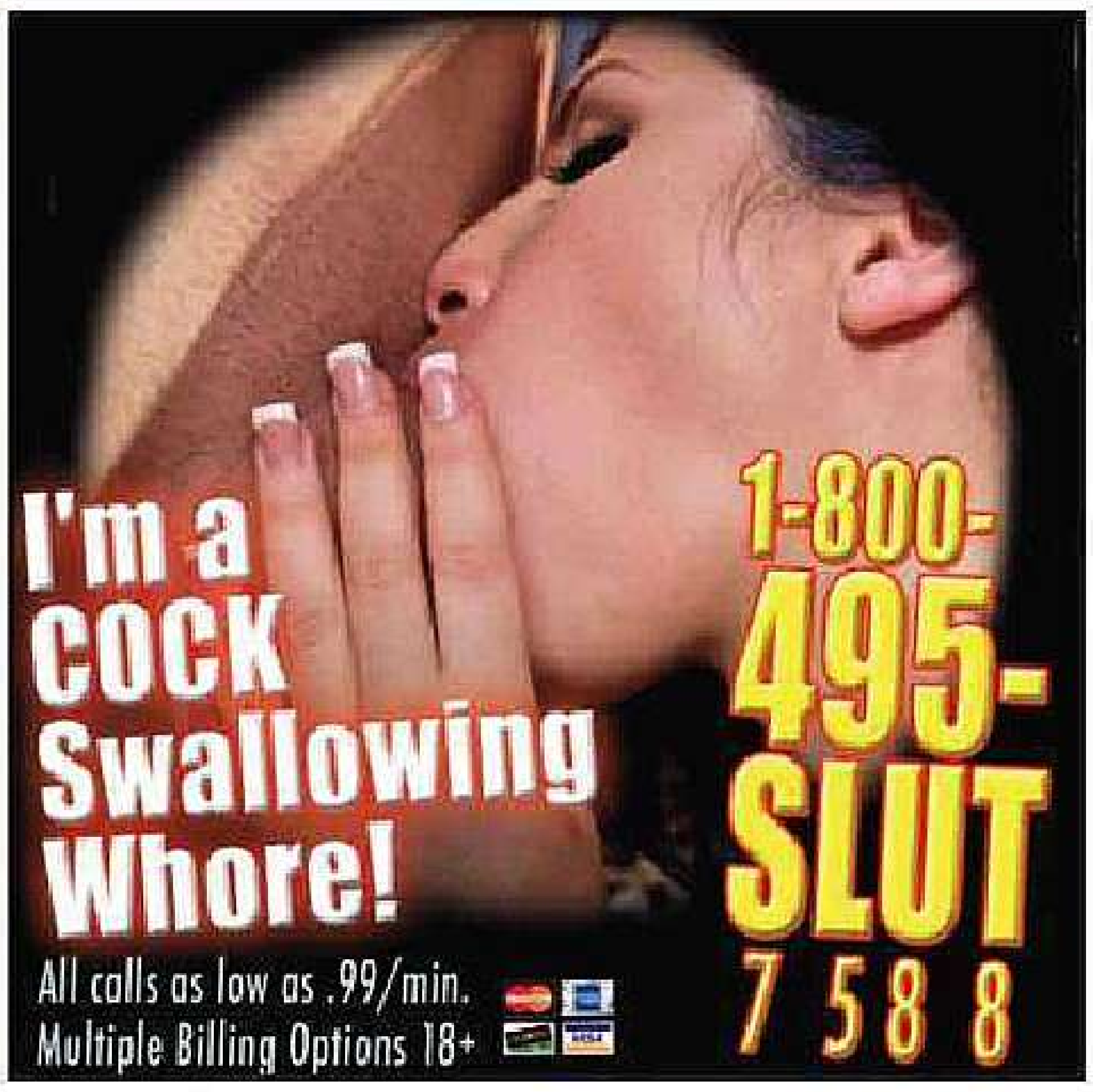
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MILF Mail and Letters

Good Wives Gone Bad

Filming My Neighbours

I have a freaky couple of neighbours. How freaky, you ask? Almost every night, they have sex and their bedroom is right behind my wall, so in the late evening hours, when I'm trying to dig into my college books, I hear nothing except the sound of their bed hitting against the wall, hearing the wife moan out while ordering her man to fuck her, fuck her harder! And harder he seems to pound into her, making my room jitter as if there's an earthquake occurring. Sometimes they'd go at it till midnight and then, early in the morning, they'd continue from where they left off. It drove me crazy sometimes just sitting in my room hearing them go at it – the funny thing is there's nothing I can do about it. Just about everyone in the apartment building knew about their nightly workout, and the fact that I'm a new tenant didn't help matters much.

Late one evening, I heard a knock on my door. It was my freaky neighbour, the husband. He was naked except for a pair of briefs and a towel that was draped over his neck; he grinned shyly at me.

"Hey there, neighbour," he clapped a hand over my shoulder; it was the first time I'd spoken with him and the way he acted, you'd think we'd known each other since I moved in. "I was wondering if you could help me out with a little favour."

"Of what kind?" I enquired.

He led me into his apartment, into the bedroom where his pretty wife lay sprawled across the bed, naked; my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets and I fought to stave off an immediate erection. She winked at me, smiling, undaunted by the effect she'd wrought on me.

Her husband came and placed a digital camera on my hand and said: "My wife and I were wondering if, by chance, you'd care to make a film of us while we're doing it. It's much better this way. It's already programmed so you don't have much worry except starting filming."

He didn't bother waiting to hear if I'd accept or not. He slapped my arm, and jumped into the bed and started ravishing his wife. I pressed the ON button, and instantly became an amateur porn Steven Spielberg.

I hovered about the edge of the bed, filming as they took turns ravishing each other; I did close-ups as the wife gave her husband head, and then fell back as she sat astride his erection. I stood back and watched from behind the camera, finally freeing my erection from my hand and stroking it. The wife caught what I was doing and indicated for me to come over. I stood beside her and filmed as she first began to stroke my cock for me, and then felt my mouth come open as she took it into her mouth while still busy bouncing on her man. There was the sound of her man's thighs slapping against the back of her ass while she moaned deep in her throat, her mouth still locked on my cock. A while later, I came down from the bed and hovered behind them, camera in hand, filming as the hubby grabbed a handful of her ass and went on pounding it.

"Yo neighbour," her husband called out at me, gasping while he did. "You getting all of this down?"

"Most definitely," I replied. "Go on keep fucking her hard!"

I was really digging into my work, I barely felt myself stroking my hardness with my other hand. I had such a lovely view the wife's ass and the way it went on bouncing up and down on her man's cock was so very lovely.

A while later, the wife turned to me and said: "Honey, why not let the neighbour have a go at me? You can always come back for extra."

"Yeah, why not."

The wife dismounted her husband and lay there on the bed, her legs thrown open, tapping her pussy, winking at me to come on over. I handed the camera to her man and came between her. So excited was I, my hand was shaking and it took me a couple of seconds to push the head of my cock between her pink pussy lips. Damn, it was breathtaking!

The wife wrapped her legs over the back of my waist and I went on giving her all the good fucking I could muster and she went on moaning into my ear, urging me to go on fuck me, fuck me harder! Her husband now had the camera in his hand and hovered around us with the camera's eye trained on us. I changed position after about ten minutes of being on top of her and this time, she mounted me, though with her back towards me. She came into a kneeling position and her husband came and leaned above me, training the camera on his wife's bountiful ass as it went up and down on my cock, all the way down to the hilt.

"My wife' a good fucker, ain't she?"

I could barely respond with a coherent answer as it wasn't long before I busted my load with my cock still inside of her. Her hubby was ecstatic, like that was what he'd wanted me to do all along. His wife lay on her back and her hubby returned the camera to me and I filmed as he leaned his head between her legs and licked my cum off her pussy; she pressed his head down, told him to lick up everything, which I figured he did.

I filmed as they changed positions, this time, her man hammered her from behind while I stood before her, her mouth still sucking on my cock. I nearly dropped the camera as suddenly I came in her mouth and she swallowed everything. I stood back and continued filming as a couple of minutes later, her husband ejaculated over the top of her ass.

Handing the camera back to the husband, I bid both of them goodnight and returned to my room. That night, my sleep was smooth and dreamless.

– Paul Clark,

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